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THE WHOLE THING.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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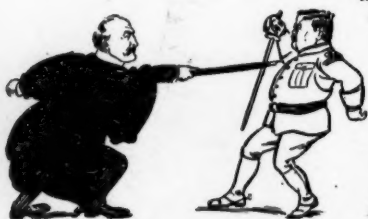
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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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FOR SEVERAL weeks past we have devoted our attention solely to the consideration of the claims upon public favor of our Candidate for Emperor. This week it becomes our agreeable duty to point out why we advocate the election of Alton Brooks Parker to the Presidency—a task that has been rendered all the more easy by the publication of Mr. Parker's virile and statesmanlike letter, accepting the Democratic nomination for the highest office in the land. Nothing could more clearly differentiate the temperamental qualifications of the two candidates for our highest honors than the tone of the two letters of acceptance that are now before the voters of the country. The one imperious, truculent, the defiant and exultant utterance of a militant mind ambitious to rule; the other the calm, judicious, dignified enunciation of principles of a trained mind, the deeply thoughtful, dispassionate consideration of issues by a strengthful citizen seeking a high office of trust, not that he may rule the people but that he may serve them. The letter of Mr. Roosevelt, barring his disappointing acceptance of a nomination for President, was an admirable pronouncement of an advocate of personal government, and we have already commended it as such, and still see no reason to alter our expressed opinion that, viewed in this light, it is beyond criticism. Equally acceptable and irreproachable is the letter of Mr. Parker, viewed as the utterance of a statesman who still holds to the ideals of the founders of the Republic, who remains true to the principles of the men who, without a Dingley tariff, and without militaristic leanings, and without swashbuckling methods were able to secure for their fellow

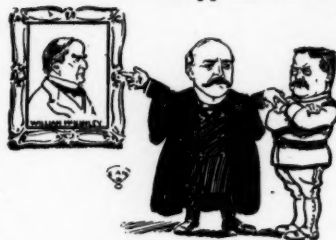


citizens as large a measure of prosperity for their time, as these later apostles of lavish expenditure, over-taxation and the big stick have secured for us in ours. In other words the letters themselves in the spirit that breathes between their respective lines, join on the main issue "shall ours remain a government of law or become one of individual caprice" so clearly that Mr. Parker did not need to put it into the words we have quoted. To this extent both candidates have been true to themselves, and in the light which they have turned inward upon their own characters they have justified Puck's choice of Roosevelt for Emperor and Parker for President.

MORE SPECIFICALLY are we convinced that Mr. Parker is the best man before the country to-day for such an office as the Presidency, for the reason that he seems to realize some of the responsibilities of his candidacy for the office to which he aspires. In the face of a natural desire on the part of his constituency to learn something of his intentions he is not content to stand pat upon his record as a Judge and truculently require all men to be satisfied with the fact that he is willing to run for the office. He advances no glittering generalities and utters no defiances that may or may not signify anything but a geyser-like inner-man. He comes out boldly, but calmly, and substitutes convictions for wavings of the big stick. He is not afraid in discussing reciprocity and the tariff to follow in the foot-steps of the last elected President, Mr. McKinley, and to say that the time has come for giving "urgent and immediate attention" to the business needs of the country. Like a man of broad mind, with some grasp upon the questions he discusses, instead of giving us an imperious essay upon Sincerity, he points his finger at the still glowing figure of the lamented President, and is large enough, and let us add sagacious enough, to say that "the last words of this President, who had won the affection of his countrymen, ought to

be studied by every man who has any doubt of the necessity of a reduction in tariff rates in the interest of the manufacturer." There is no shifting from any previously held convictions, but a sturdy adherence to the immemorial principles of the party whose leader he is in this campaign. Himself under no expressed obligation to "carry out a predecessor's policy," he nevertheless takes up the cudgels in behalf of freer trade, that another candidate pledged to wield them to the uttermost of his strength, has miserably set aside at the first call of the enemies of tariff revision. A Candidate for a Magistracy should hold himself to some account for his promises. Only an imperial policy permits the deliberate abandonment of principles for expediency's sake. Hence again we find Judge Parker the fittest man now in the public eye for President; Theodore Roosevelt the hero of the stand-pat party the fittest for Imperial honors.

AGAIN we admire the manly courage of the Candidate for public office who is not afraid to take up the blustering challenge of his opponent on the subject of Pension Order No. 78,



an order deliberately made on the eve of a National election to win votes and to put the opposition in a hole. There will be few of those self-confident smiles in the enemy's camp when this portion of Mr. Parker's letter is re-read, and it is there realized that the pit they dugged for him is now filled by the diggers. And again we find

worthy of much amused admiration the little reminder to the opposing candidate and people that there is still a Supreme Court left in the land, in Mr. Parker's discussion of the application of the common law to Trust problems. An Emperor might jauntily set aside decisions of a Supreme Court, and falling back upon royal prerogatives brush away any of the restraints which a judicial body of that precise kind might try to impose upon his actions, but no person elected to the Presidency of the United States could safely trifle with so portentous a part of the Government of the Nation, nor if he were fitted for the office would he try to do so, nor if he were sagacious would he publicly expose his ignorance of the decisions of a body clothed with certain constitutional functions beyond his power to suspend.

FINALLY PUCK advocates the election of Mr. Parker to the Presidency because Mr. Parker is the only candidate for that office before the people who represents the policies which are the surest safe-guards of National honor and peace, as against braggadocio, expediency and unrest. He is wise enough to perceive the trend of latter-day events and he meets it by the enunciation of a principle which constitutes in itself a broad enough platform for the whole nation to stand upon.

"It is essential," says Judge Parker, "more than ever to adhere strictly to the traditional policy of the country as formulated by its first President, and never in my judgment wisely departed from, to invite friendly relations with all nations, while avoiding entangling alliances with any. Such a policy means the cultivation of peace instead of the glorification of war, and the minding of our own business in lieu of spectacular intermeddling with the affairs of other nations. It means strict observance of the principles of international law and condemns the doctrine that a great State by reason of its strength, may rightly appropriate the sovereignty or territory of a small State on account of its weakness."

JUDGE PARKER's platform comprising the following interrogative planks is good enough for PUCK, and that is why he advocates the election of its author to the Presidency:

- I. Shall economy of administration be demanded or shall extravagance be encouraged?
- II. Shall the wrongdoer be brought to bay by the people or must justice wait upon political oligarchy?
- III. Shall our Government stand for equal opportunity or for special privilege?
- IV. Shall it remain a government of law or become one of individual caprice?
- V. Shall we cling to the rule of the people or shall we embrace beneficent despotism?

When the people have decided that Judge Parker is wrong in the stand he takes on these points, then up goes our Imperial Banner blazoned with the words:

FOR EMPEROR,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of New York.





Monsieur d'en Brochette

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH I GET OUT OF A WELL AND INTO A SELECT CHATEAU.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse,
Monsieur d'en Brochette, Count of Paté de Foie

Gras, meets a beautiful unknown in a Paris café, and is prevented from pursuing her by the disappearance of his horse. A few hours later, on the road from Paris, he kills in a duel the messenger to the Duke des Pommes de Terre au Gratin, and becomes possessed of a letter to the Duke. He scents a conspiracy against the King. At the Pousse Café, in Croquante, he again meets the beautiful unknown, who is accompanied by the Duke des Pommes de Terre. The Count and the Duke quarrel, and a duel is fought in which the latter is worsted. But the Count is treacherously beaten down by the Duke's hirelings and thrown into a well.

"*MA FOI!*" I murmured again, as the well-water drenched me to the bone; "but had I here His Grace, Gaspard Henri Pierre, Duke des Pommes de Terre, right cheerfully would I spit him thrice."

So hot for revenge, indeed, was I; so dastardly had been the trick which the Duke and his minions had served me, that, verily, had it not been for the well, then and there would I have gotten up and gone in frothing search of my assailant.

Still hot, I gathered my wits about me. Where was I? Down a well. What, then, to do, I soliloquized. Should I yell and rouse some slumbering lout? A de Foie Gras yell? *Diable!* Absurd! Then, of a sudden, it occurred to me and I laughed—the *debonair*, care-free laugh of the Café D'Œuf. It being a well, someone in good season would come to it and lower the bucket. *Le Sublime et le beau!* Composing myself, I dozed.

How long I slept, I know not. But it was dawn of day when the bucket with a vicious swoop descended and struck me fairly on the head. With an oath, I awoke. 'T was a beardless youth who had lowered it and thrusting his face beyond the well curb's edge, he ejaculated:

"Say!"

A strange way, M'sieurs, to address a de Foie Gras, but I swallowed the affront and cried in answer:

"What?"

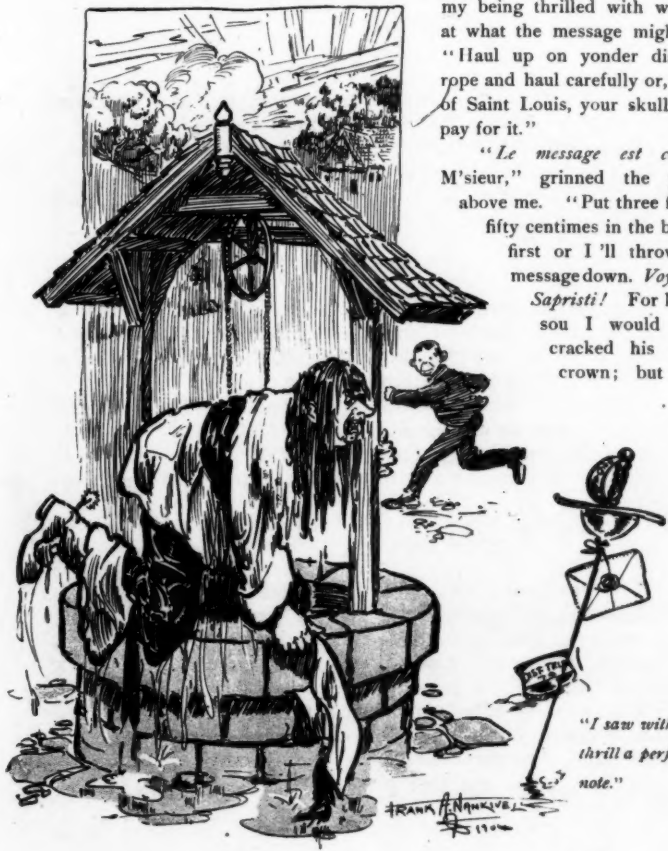
"I bring a message for Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Count de Foie Gras. Is M'sieur it?"

The dialect of the youth was strange and new to me and yet mine own name and title right readily did I recognize.

"Pull up, boy," I commanded, my being thrilled with wonder at what the message might be. "Haul up on yonder diabolish rope and haul carefully or, body of Saint Louis, your skull shall pay for it."

"*Le message est collect*, M'sieur," grinned the youth above me. "Put three francs fifty centimes in the bucket first or I'll throw the message down. *Voyez!*"

Sapristi! For half a sou I would have cracked his surly crown; but what



"I saw with a thrill a perfumed note."

was I to do, being in the well? Cursing roundly, I threw a bedraggled bank note in the bucket and watched him pull it up.

"M'sieur le Count is *un marque facile*," he gleefully chirped, on seizing the note. "And now, M'sieur, for the rescue."

Down came the bucket again, and this time the rascal wound lustily at the rope till I neared the curb. Then, fearing my avenging hand, as—*Ma foi!*—he had cause to—he darted off hot foot, leaving his chapeau behind him on the dewy grass. I looked at it and read across the band: "Croquante District Telegraph 79", but I gave it but an instant's attention, for close to the well-curb, stuck upright in the soft, moist earth, was as brave a rapier as gallant would wish to handle, and tied to its diamond-studded hilt, I saw with a thrill a perfumed note.

"From Isabelle!" rapturously I cried, seizing the note and kissing it a thousand times. What cared I for the night in the well? What, for the varlet of a boy? What, for my dripping raiment? Naught, thrice naught! Isabelle, the beautiful, the adorable, the incomparable, had given me her love.

I opened the note and hurriedly scanned it. *Parbleu!* It was unsigned and unfinished, but there was no mistaking the hand, the delicately feminine hand.

"From Isabelle!" I cried again, and with beating heart read as follows:

"MY BRAVE BROCHETTE:—

I followed you from the Inn last night and saw and heard all. I saw the Duke's hirelings throw you, swooning, into the well. I saw them contemptuously snap your sword—the best blade in the whole of France—and my blood boiled—"

"Ah, *chère Isabelle*," I cried, "Sweetheart! Even as mine did in the darksome well."

Then I read on:

"Be not so credulous, my own, as to think that the Duke believes you dead. The well, he knew, would revive, not kill you. But beware, for now your life is indeed in peril. The body in the bushes has been found. The horse on which you rode to Croquante has been recognized and seized—"

"Fool that I was," I hissed, "to have replaced the Duke's letter in the saddle's pommel."

The letter went on:

"—And you are a marked man. I send you secretly by trusty messenger a rapier;—'t is the Duke's. Use it, my brave Brochette, but be prudent. Be wary and, Oh, be watchful for my sake. While, if worse comes to worst, as perchance it may right speedily, repeat boldly, no matter to whom, the words: *Deux cafés cognac, garçon*. 'T is the secret—"

There ended the note abruptly. Again I pressed it to my lips and then consigned it to my wallet. Dear as it was to me, there were other things to think of now. Watchfully—for who could tell at what moment I would be set upon?—I made my way back toward the Inn, rapier in hand.

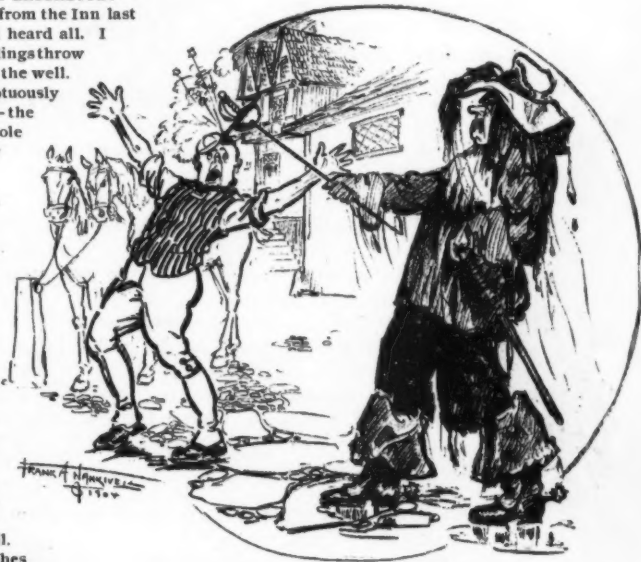
"*Deux cafés cognac, garçon*," I memorized softly; "*Deux cafés cognac, garçon*."

It was barely sunrise, a silent time and sweet; a time most fitting for deep reflections, and mine—*Ma foi!*—were deep enough.

So the young fool's body had been found. Well, even so, what of it? Bodies have been found before, and in bushes. My horse, Gambetta's successor, had been recognized and seized. Again, what of it? They would press the pommel; the letter to the Duke would be found. Aye, what then? Seeking the well, they would find in it only water, and then—

"Ah, *chère Isabelle!* Sweetheart!" I thought, bending my rapier reflectively, "thy words of caution were timely, truly, and I thank thee from my soul."

Being steedless again, my first thought was, to secure a horse. *Bien!* Nothing easier. There were several of them in the Inn yard and it was the



"It was the work of a moment only to knock the stable boy on the head."

PUCK

work of a moment only to knock the stable boy on the head and untether the best horse there.

My next duty, naturally, was to get out of the town, and this I did at a canter. Only when I was out on the highroad, a good mile from Croquante, did I pause and look back. The sun was gilding the spires and chimney pots; the birds were twittering in the poplars by the roadside; not a soul was in sight 'twixt the town and myself. Once more turning straight in the saddle, and with not a little satisfaction, I was amazed beyond measure to see a stranger, silent and motionless, waiting my pleasure beside the horse's head. Imagine the start it gave me when I recognized in him an outrider of the coupé in which Isabelle and the Duke des Pommes de Terre had tooled the day before to the Inn.

"Well, sirrah!" I demanded.

"I would deliver a message to M'sieur le Count," he replied.

"*Ma foi!*" I cried, blithely; "it is a day of messages. It is my second, in sooth, since sun-up. Speak freely, sirrah."

"Mademoiselle would see and hold converse with thee, M'sieur le Count," the man continued. "It is most urgent. There is no time to be lost. She is at the Chateau Demi Tasse at Poisson, a scant three miles from Banc d'Huitres on the road to Paris."

I looked the man steadily in the eye ere I spoke.

"You are not deceiving me, sirrah?" finally I said. "If you are—"

"No, M'sieur le Count, no," he replied, earnestly.

"So be it!" I cried, my mind made up. "I will seek Mademoiselle at the Chateau Demi Tasse, but if she be not there, verily, at our next meeting, I shall draw and quarter thee!"

"M'sieur le Count has spoken," the man said, gravely; and touching spurs to my horse, I left him standing in the high road.

Scenting treachery, but willing to go through Hades itself for a glimpse of her who was more precious than life, I took the Paris road headed for Poisson and the Chateau Demi Tasse. Unaccosted on the way, I reached

the village at noon-day and straightway located the chateau on the Rue de la Upper Main.

The place had a sinister aspect, dark, dank and forbidding. Around the corner of the house, as I entered the drive-way and tied my horse, came a tradesman's boy with a box on his shoulder and whistling cheerily a popular *Deux Temps*.

"Who resides here, boy?" I inquired.

"Lots," he replied. "'T is Madame Filet's Select Boarding Chateau."

With renewed presentiment of evil, I rapped on the front door and was shown by a servant into a room adjoining the main hall.

"M'sieur wishes to engage lodgings?" she interrogated. "I will go and call Madame Filet."

Before I could detain her she left the room, and the next instant there arose from the apartment across the hall a shriek that I shall hear to my dying day. It was the voice of Isabelle, and—

"They are choking me!" she cried.

Rapier in hand, I dashed madly to the room whence the screams had come, and bursting open the door, I beheld not Isabelle, but the Duke des Pommes de Terre. My sword was knocked from my hand by some one behind me; the door was slammed and bolted, and I was alone with an ugly, glowering foe.

"*Diable!* The Duke!" I exclaimed.

"Aye! *Diable!* The Duke!" he repeated harshly after me. "We meet again, you see, M'sieur le Popinjay."

My blood boiled again at the insult, but what could I do? I was bladeless. I had only my health and my family name. Then, of a sudden, I recalled the mysterious words of Isabelle.

"*Deux cafés cognac, garçon! Deux cafés cognac,*" I cried.

Mon Dieu! Shall I ever forget, M'sieurs, the change that came over the Duke!

Next week, Chapter IV.,

"In Which the Hero Gets Into a Peck of Trouble."



"Monsieur wishes to engage lodgings?" she interrogated.

A PSYCHIC WONDER.

PENELOPE.—In Boston we saw the nicest thing.

PAULINE.—What was it?

PENELOPE.—Oh—a slot-machine; you think of a word—put in a penny—and out drops the correct pronunciation.



PRACTICAL.

NELLIE.—Bobby, do you believe that the Devil will get us if we're naughty?

BOBBY.—No, o' course not! We'll get the devil if we're found out, that's all.

ROCKS.

THE man of substance was proud to be mentioned in connection with so high an office, but he would not be a candidate.

"This rock," he exclaimed, pointing to a great granite boulder, "shall fly from its firm base as soon as mine—"

Here the committee of notification withdrew, perceiving that their mission was hopeless.

SOCIOLOGY.

A SOCIOLOGIST, having resolved to go to the bottom of things, disguised himself as a cab horse, and discovered that the heavier the driver behind, the greater the sense of uplift, or exaltation, through the girths.

This led him to suspect that no manner of life is without its joys for those who have it to live.

"The world is a good old world, after all!" he exclaimed, in chagrin, and burned his manuscripts and went into trade.

HIS OPINION.

"It is useless—," began old Otis Oliver Underdonk, addressing in a general way the members of the Chronic Bachelors' and Emancipated Widowers' Linen Pants and Solid Comfort Club. "It is as useless as 't is to expect to pick pineapples off'm a pine tree, to attempt to reason a woman out of any position she happens to have taken, for the reason that she was n't reasoned into it in the first place. What say, Lester?"



THE THEODORIZATION OF WASHINGTON.

GREAT PREPARATIONS were made at Mount Vernon for President Washington's home coming last week, Friday. When he stepped down from the stage-coach, he passed to his own waiting rig beneath a huge arch of flowers and flags, which bore in large letters across its face the ever popular campaign slogan, "Four Years More of George." After recognizing and shaking hands with several of his old time neighbors, President Washington found himself surrounded by a dozen Mount Vernon school girls, all clad in white, who thrust upon him through the coach window, monster bunches of red roses, white carnations and blue ragged-sailors—a pleasing and ingenious blending of the national colors.

"It is awfully good of you, really," said the President, in accepting the posies. "I am delighted beyond measure."

Each of the damsels received a cordial executive hand-clasp and a typical Washington smile.

Newspaper correspondents, who visit Mount Vernon these days, find the place literally crowded with Secret Service men. They are on hand, not at President Washington's request, nor with his willing sanction, but there despite his oft voiced claim that he is amply able in emergencies to care for himself. The President, however, is proverbially rash, and of this, the Secret Service Bureau is fully aware. Only Saturday morning, in the midst of a tennis set with George Washington Park Custis, his step-son, President Washington chased in the shrubbery after a lost ball without so much as a thought of the danger that might easily have lurked there. Fortunately, nothing occurred. The President is becoming a great hand at tennis, and when asked recently how he liked the game, replied characteristically: "Bully!"

THE CONSUMER.

(A VICTIM OF INDUSTRIAL INSTABILITY.)

WHEN Dogs of Labor bark and bite
And snarling Money heaves in sight,
What is the Bone o'er which they fight?

The Consumer.

Who, in the battle bloody-jawed,
Where everybody's clapper-clawed,
Runs the best chance of being chewed?

The Consumer.

When Labor takes the whim to strike
And Capital declares, "Go hike!"
Who feels the pinch and pressure like

The Consumer?

When Labor's agitator wills
That idle men shall tell their ills,
Who has to work to pay the bills?

The Consumer.

When experts in the trade of beef
Walk out and call the Trust a thief,
Who feels the move with keenest grief?

The Consumer.

And when the poor man's woes are sobbed
And fleeing "scabs" are caught and mobbed,
Who's actually being robbed?

The Consumer.

While some afflicted coal magnate
Borrows militia from the State,
Who pays the prices while-you-wait?

The Consumer.

Who, when the hatchet they entomb
And wheels of industry resume,
Continues mildly to consume?

The Consumer.

Who has no Unions, no Magnates,
No Trusts, no Walking Delegates
To boost his cause in forty States?

The Consumer.

Who, getting neither crumb nor speck
Of consolation from the wreck,
Receives it neatly in the neck?

The Consumer.

Wallace Irwin.



WHY SHOULD HE?

CASEY.—Did ye take a vacation this year, Mike?

CORRIGAN.—Oi did not. Oi was out on strike from May to October.

weak at net play and lobbing. General Knox went down before him, Monday, to the tune of 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.

Among President Washington's luncheon guests this week was

Hades Roaring Jake Jones, who dropped in on Sunday and stayed to three meals. Hades Roaring Jake was the President's guide when, as a young man, he roughed it in the great West and penetrated the wilderness as far as the Ohio River. He and the President sat on the veranda for two solid hours, chatting of old times, and afterward they were photographed together. Hades Roaring Jake showed the newspaper men a picture of the President in his youth, "when," as Jake expressed it, "he was plain George Washington." The picture was that of a young man nattily clad in a leather hunting suit and coon skin cap, with seven bowie knives, three horse pistols and a tinder box in his belt, two fire-locks in one hand and four powder horns in the other. Jake expressed himself as greatly pleased with his visit to Mount Vernon. In regard to the coming election, he says that out his way everything is Washington.

Arthur H. Folwell.



NOT ADAPTED TO IT.

"For the use of the gun I have plenty of strength,"
Said Giraffe, "and there's plenty of game,
But my neck is a most inconvenient length
For the taking of accurate aim."

AN egotist may be defined as a person who is so wrapped up in himself that he pays no attention to us.

PUCK



LONGING.

THE LITTLE SISTER.—I wish I could do that with my hair.

THE BIG SISTER.—Oh, no, you don't, dearie! Your curls are pretty, just as they are!

THE LITTLE SISTER.—They're horrid! I want a stylish curfew, like mamma said you had.

ON ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT is like wine. A little is exhilarating. Much makes one heady, or confuses the wits. The world is made up of argumentative persons and ourselves.

Strength of conviction is directly proportioned to weight of contradiction.

Any man would die for his opinions—in the heat of argument. There is a vast difference between an argument we have heard and the same argument when we have uttered it.

We never know how interested we are in men, causes and events till we argue about them.

In arguing, the main thing is to keep your head clear. Don't confuse yourself by attending to what the other fellow says. Just say: "That's begging the question," or "That's beside the point," or "That's a *non-sequitur*," or something that will apply to anything.

All is fair in love, war and argument.

Smile confidently. That will distract your opponent with a longing to kill you. He forgets his point and you score.

In a general argumentative mix-up, the winning side is, of course, the majority.

If you can neatly imply—without saying so—that your opponent is narrow-minded, badly educated, pitifully illiterate, childishly illogical, fiery tempered and withal cowardly, it will help you greatly in putting your case in a clear light.

Lower your voice as your opponent raises his. When he notes the contrast, he will utterly collapse. This rule has no exceptions.

Robert Easton.



CHORUS AMENITIES.

LAURA LIMELIGHT.—There's Tottie Twinkletoes across the street. Does n't she look envious?

SADIE STALLS.—Does n't she! The only Johnnie she can get is a Jackie. That's why.

HIS REPLY.

"IT WAS like this:" replied the landlord. "The manager of the show telegraphed me to reserve a room with a bath, for his leadin' lady. For obvious reasons, as the books state, I wired him back that the room was reserved, but the leadin' lady had better take the bath before she got here."



PUCK

PRAYER OF THE LOST COON HUNTER.

DE SWAMPS am still en deh ain't no breeze,
En de fogs hang thick en white;
De glow wums glow by de cypress trees
Wid a strange en ghos'ly light.
De ol' bat sails aroun' in a ring
En de spidehs webe in de dew;
When yu pass de willows de branches cling
Lak dey 's 'bout to gobble yu.
O Lawd, Ah pray,
Show me de way!
Show me de way out ob de dahk lagoon,
En Ah nebbeh will hunt annudeh ol' coon.

De red fox bahks on de side ob de hill
When de pines grow dense en tall;
En down in de swamp de ol' whippo'will
Soun's out his mounhful call.
De brac owl stahts on his midnight scout
En his big eyes glow lak fiah;
De spooks ob de swamp am dancin' erbout
En de red moon 's climbin' highhah.
O Lawd, Ah pray,
Show me de way!
Show me de way out ob de dahk lagoon
En Ah nebbeh will hunt annudeh ol' coon.

Victor A. Hermann.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING.

SOME READY REPLIES TO THE CAMPAIGN COUSIN.



WHEN A MAN is running for office his correspondence is bound to be large. In his daily mail, never scarce, are the letters of the Inquiring Cousin, the Inquisitive Great Aunt, and the legion of minor connections who "write just to ask."

Mindful of the song and anecdote crops, which are huge in all campaigns, we still aver that the relative crop is biggest of all. Hence, the crop of ? letters is also big. If he will get this set in that imitation type-writer type, which none but an expert can tell from the real plink-plunk, and afterward request Mr. Loeb to fill in the blanks as each individual case may require, the President will be gratified at the ease with which his family correspondence is carried on:

OYSTER BAY, L. I.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR { YOUNG SIR:—
YOUNG LADY:—
SIR:—
MADAME:—

Your letter saying that your name is (Theodore, Theodosia, Theodora, as the case may be), that you wear glasses, that you are not a weakling, and that you therefore believe we are closely related, is at hand.

It is true, as you have read in the *Weekly*, that my ancestors were Holland Dutch, but as far as I am aware, none of them ever came from, or settled in To be perfectly frank with you, however, I will say that my entrance into Harvard University is the earliest family annal of any importance that I possess.

Conveying to you my hearty congratulations on your ownership of so excellent a name, believe me, my dear,

Very truly yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

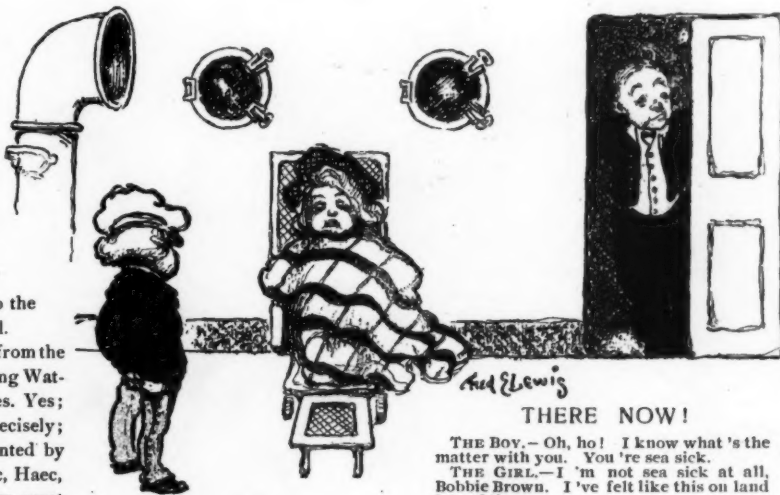
For the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Populistic candidate, we would suggest the following as both accurate and handy:

POPULIST HEADQUARTERS.
POPOPOLIS, Kan.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I was unspeakably touched by your kind letter of recent date, in which you claim to be my, on my 's side, once removed. I have n't the least doubt, dear friend, that you are all of that and more. Only vote for Watson and Tibbles, and any lingering thought to the contrary will be completely erased.

Yes; I am descended like you from the late Wat Tyler; Wat's son becoming Watson with the passage of the centuries. Yes; we have the same coat-of-arms precisely; a goat *passant guardant*, surmounted by scroll with the family motto, *Hic, Haec, Hoc*. Yes, of course I know our great



THERE NOW!

THE BOY.—Oh, ho! I know what 's the matter with you. You're sea sick.
THE GIRL.—I'm not sea sick at all, Bobbie Brown. I've felt like this on land lots of times.



SYMPTOMS.

MIKE (in the window).—Is that you, Kelly?
KELLY.—Utis!
MIKE.—Have ye got over your cold yet?
KELLY.—No. Oi can't shpake above a whisper!

Uncle John J. Watson of Punxsutawney, Pa. Do all in your power on Election day to bring out the full Watson vote. Our family must and shall be preserved.

Fraternally,
THOS. E. WATSON.

The Hon. Thomas Tibbles is the Hon. Thomas Watson's running mate, as before indicated, and, all circumstances considered, we can think of no better form for him than the following:

WHISKERINGO, Mo.
PRESUMPTUOUS ONE:—

You are doubtless an imposter. There is but one genuine Tibbles in existence—Myself. No; I know nothing of my ancestry. Ancestors are notoriously plutocratic. Hence, with mine, I have nothing to do.

Yours, THOMAS TIBBLES.

P. S.—Your coat-of-arms is different from mine for this reason: I have none.

And now, "with eyes severe and beard of formal cut," comes Silas Swallow, the hydrant candidate:

HARRISBURG, PA.
COLD SPRING COTTAGE.

RESPECTED { MISS:—
SIR:—
MADAM:—

It gives me real pleasure to reply to your letter of the . . . inst. You say you saw my photograph in the columns of the *Weekly*, and were struck by my resemblance to your grandfather's youngest brother, Ezekiel, who carried water for Captain Bragg's battery in the Mexican war. Thanks for the daguerreotype. As to the likelihood of our being related, I can only say this: I have never carried anything yet, though I hope to this fall.

My ancestors came to this country, since you inquire, with the earliest Prohibition movement, making the journey entirely by water and settling at Watertown, N. Y. The old family pump may still be seen there.

Believe me, here 's looking at you.

Yours for the cause,
SILAS SWALLOW.

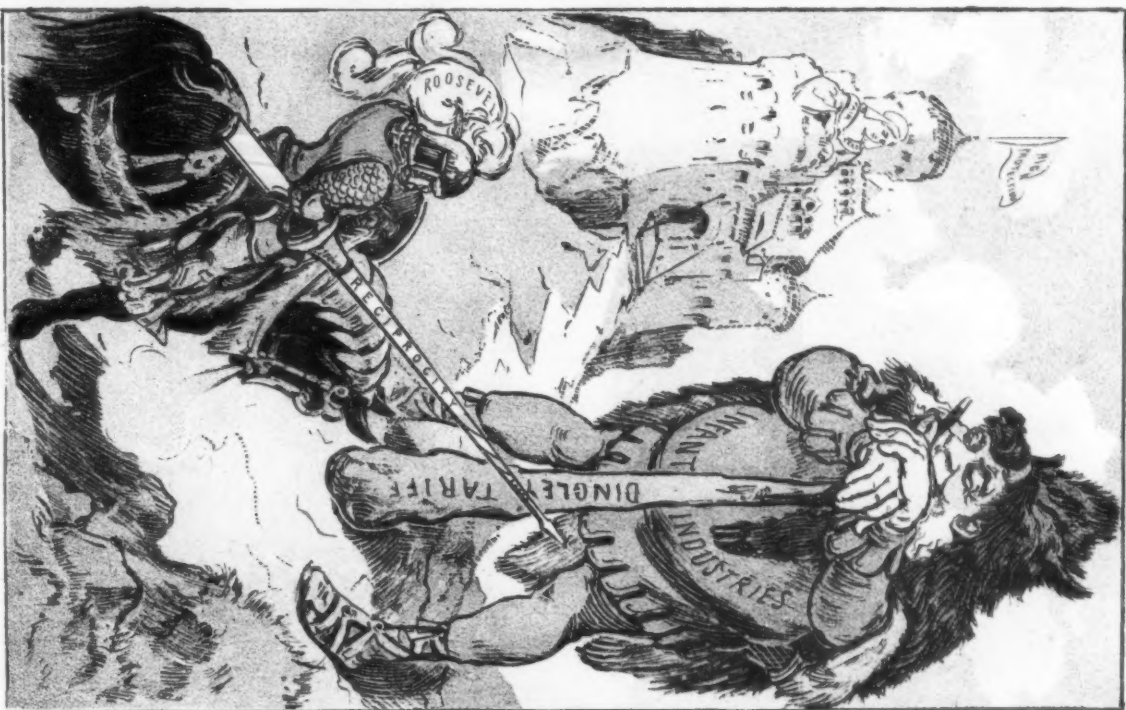
N. B.—As far as I know, I have no second cousin in Brattleboro by the name of Gulp.

The adoption of the above forms, or something very like them, will relieve, we are sure, the gentlemen mentioned, of much of the campaign drudgery. No thanks, we beg. We are glad to do it.

Arthur H. Folwell.



THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.



THE COMING STRUGGLE.
And so the Knight Promised to Take Up His Late Lord's Lance and Carry on the Fight.
From PUCK, October 16, 1907.





ORGANIZED AND TAUGHT BY UNCLE ERNIE.

WELL, BOYS, here it is October again, and here 's your Uncle Ernie ready to show you how to play Indian.

Every boy ought to play Indian, and learn how to get fire by rubbing a match-head on a pant leg, how to tell whether the sun is rising or setting, how to go in a tepee when it rains, and other useful Indian things.



You will find out all about this in Uncle Ernie's little red book, "Every Boy His Own Injun," price 25 cents. Uncle Ernie calk'lates there are ten million boys in the United States who would like to play Indian, and if each boy swapped a quarter for Uncle Ernie's little red book it would be a good thing.

In playing Indian, boys, the first thing you need is a tribe. You must have a Chief, to do the grunting; a Wampum-Keeper, to collect and forward the quarters to Uncle Ernie; and a Hoo-Hoo, or Counsellor, to show you how to get fire, how to walk on your tummy, how to burn up your shoes by hanging them over the fire, and other strange Indian things.

Once a month or so your Uncle Ernie, who is the Great Profit of the Goodcraft Nation, will visit your council fire and tell you the most remarkable stories ever.

How to Join the Goodcrafters.

If you wish to join the nation of Goodcraft Indians all you have to do is to write to Uncle Ernie, who will send you a Chief's feather (No. 1 Hen) and a nice piece of paper on which you may keep the tribal records.

You will need at least two braves besides yourself. Two is company, three a tribe. But you may have as many braves as you please. The more the better.

Every week Uncle Ernie will print an article telling the tribes how to play Indian—how to dip up water with a tin pail, how to wear rubber boots when

the grass is wet, how to make a bark canoe out of dogskin, and all the other mysteries of Goodcraft.

In a little while you will be just as much at home in the woods as if you had run a nail in your foot.

All About Scalps.

The most interesting thing about playing Indian is raising scalps. Of course you don't take real scalps; that would not be gentlemanly. But a very good substitute is pussy's tail, or sister's braid, or bunches of hair from mother's parlor furniture. Uncle Ernie awards prizes for the greatest number of near-scalps taken, and for other valuable doings.

To snip off one of sister's braids counts coup; both braids, grand coup.

To carry off grandma's rocking-chair into the woods without being seen counts grand coup.

To get away with one or more kitchen utensils counts coup; if not caught at it, grand coup.

To measure the height of a tree without swimming a river, or to measure the width of a river without climbing a tree, counts coup each.



Lesson for this Week.

During the coming week Uncle Ernie wishes all his braves to learn to recognize the following animals by their calls:

COW — "Moo-o-o."	ROOSTER — "Cockadoodledoo."
SHEEP — "Ba-a-a."	DUCK — "Quack-quack."
DOG — "Bow-wow."	CROW — "Caw-caw."
CAT — "Meow-w."	OWL — "Hoo-hoo."

Important to Braves.

Uncle Ernie does not wish his braves to become savage or bloodthirsty, even if they are Indians.

Always give quarter—and send the quarter to Uncle Ernie.

Bert Leston Taylor.

AS THEY DO AT KOBOS.

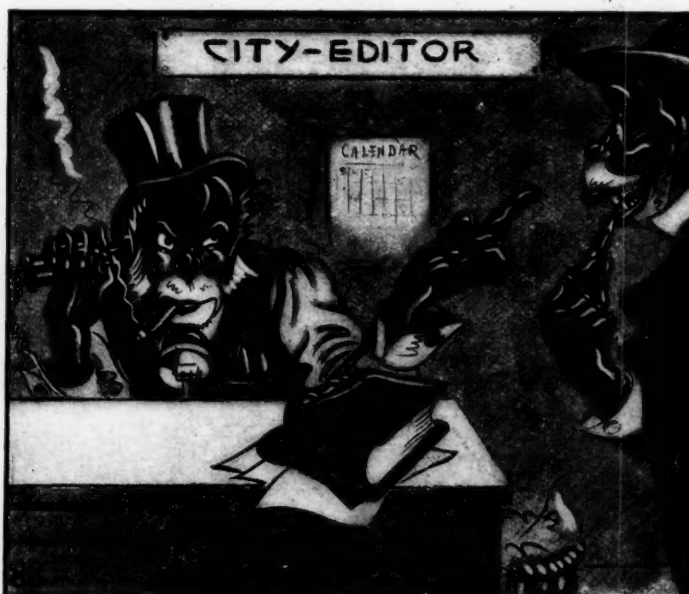
"THEY understand a lot about politics in the Kobos Islands," said the sea-captain as he came ashore. "I got there just after a campaign. The new king was real happy on the throne.

"Where 's the defeated candidate?' I asked of him.

"He's been eaten," says the king. "We always eat 'em here in enlightened Kobos. Then, you see, they can't use all the space in the kingdom's newspapers in explainin' why the election went against 'em, and for criticisin' of the winner for askin' a white man to eat dinner with him at the Black House.

"The Black House," the new King added, "is the Executive Mansion here in Kobos."

INSOMNIA, dyspepsia, the drug habit, social ambition, these are all clever devices of Providence to keep American enterprise from achieving destiny before it is ready.



A NOVICE.

EDITOR.—They've had some trouble down to Simian's—

REPORTER.—All right. I'll go and get the facts.

EDITOR.—Facts? You're new at the business. What we want is a good story.

A PONE SONG.

PONES foh breakfas', crisp en sweet,
Good enuf foh kings to eat;
Whiff dem steamin', hot en brown,
Butteh meltin' guine down.
Oh my, hot cohn pones,
Mixed en made by Ginny Jones!

Pones foh dinneh, rich es cream,
Stan' by de arch en ketch de steam;
Pones wif cabbage, pones wif ham,
Pones wif 'possum, pones wif yam.
Oh my, hot cohn pones,
Mixed en made by Ginny Jones!

Pones foh suppeh, eat yo' fill,
Dipped in clabbeth sweeteh still;
White man call loaf bread his own,
Brac man lub his hot cohn pone.
Oh my, hot cohn pones,
Mixed en made by Ginny Jones!

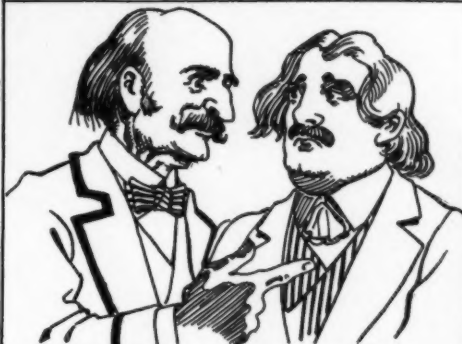
Victor A. Hermann.

It is an inscrutable Providence that causes gowns to have back breadths, yet places both a woman's eyes squarely in front.

MONSTER BENEFIT!!!

TO BE TENDERED TO DEFEATED & INDIGENT CANDIDATES
COME ONE!!! COME ALL!!!

MISTER SWALLOW
WILL APPEAR IN
HIS FAMOUS ROLE
IN THE
OLD
HOMESTEAD
REAL WATERJUG
REAL COW!
REAL
WHISKERS!



MAX(ODELL) VOT IT ISS IT, DISS
POLITICAL RETIREMENT, NO?
GUS:(HILL) IT IS A LARCH BODDY OFF
PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY SURROUNDED BY
NO OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY

ODELL & HILL
AS THE
ROGERS BROS
IN POLITICS



MCCORTELYOU
IN HIS NEW ROLE
THE
SCHOOL
GIRL

FIRST
TUESDAY
MONSTER
BENEFIT



MR BRYAN
AS THE
GHOST
IN
PIFF, PAFF, POOF!



MR ROOSEVELT
IN HIS WELL KNOWN
ATTEMPT AT PLAYING
The DICTATOR

"HE HAS
RETRIEVED ALL
OF HIS OTHER
FAILURES IN HIS
NEW PLAY AS A
DICTATOR."
THE PRESS.



TUESDAY
NOV.

POST NO BILLS
THIS BOARD LEASED BY
FROHMANDUM &
FROHMAN DEE

MR. FAIRBANKS WILL BE SEEN AS
"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"
AND HIS FORMER GREAT SUCCESS
"UNDER THE POLAR STAR"



ALBERT
LEVERING

POLITICS ON THE RIALTO.

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON
GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
 Every Pair Warranted
 The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
 Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
 Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
 Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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CALIFORNIA
 VIA
Southern Pacific
\$42⁵⁰
 FROM NEW YORK
 September 14th to October 15th
 ELEGANT NEW PASSENGER STEAMERS
 Between NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS
 LEAVING NEW YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY AT NOON
 Thence via Rail traversing
LOUISIANA, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA
 INQUIRE
 Boston, 170 Washington St. Philadelphia, 622 Chestnut St.
 New York, 349 Broadway Baltimore, 210 No. Charles St.
 New York, 1 Broadway Syracuse, 129 So. Franklin St.

Pears'
 "Beauty and grace from no condition rise;
 Use Pears,' sweet maid' there all the secret lies."
 Sold everywhere.

Make a Start
 The first thousand dollars is hard to get. After that it is easier. No better way of saving exists than through good life insurance. A few years and you have it. If you die, your wife gets it. Write for free particulars to
PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
 921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.
OUT NEXT WEEK!
Campaign Number Puck

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

PUCKERINGS.
 THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a self-made man.—*Exchange.*
 Well he worships his maker all right.
 A SOCIAL leader at Newport recently gave a "scarlet ball." The Divorce Colony is true to its colors.
 IT HAS been said by some one that Taggart has \$4 to spend where Corleyou has \$1. This is a case where 16 to 1 would be popular even with the Gold Democrats.
 SMARTICUS wants to know how Emperor Theodor will be addressed, Your Gracious Majesty. Your Worship, or what. We don't know yet. Your warship, most probably.



LOSING GROUND.
 THE RABBIT.—Say, Mister! Ye want to git a move on. I just passed yer shadder about a hundred feet back there.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

THE PLATT Old Guard had a flag raising at Tioga recently. The Old Guard surrenders, but it never dies.
 AN OLD man, who says he eats nothing but grass, declares it has cured his gastritis. The question now is, did Nebuchadnezzar have gastritis?
 GENERAL KUROKI smokes cigars, wears plain clothes and seldom is seen with a sword. We reserve the right to call him the Japanese Grant.
 SIX GERMAN girls, fresh from Ellis Island, have been engaged for the stage by a New York manager. Next in order is a protest from the "Merry Villagers" against foreign cheap labor.

A MAN in Washington imagines that he has \$40,000 in one bank, \$100,000 in another and \$200,000 in a third. His case will be investigated. In his trunk will likely be found some indigestible securities, showing the mental process.

Taste Tells

The palate must be gratified and satisfied, and the fine, rich flavor of



Hunter Baltimore Rye

Charms the taste and it becomes at once a fixed choice against change.

It Is Always Uniform

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Jaeger WOOLENS

For its many thousands of patrons Jaeger Underwear needs no recommendation. They know its worth because they enjoy its benefits. From others we simply invite a trial, confident that they too will promptly acknowledge its merits. No Underwear like it for Health and Comfort both.

Special Weights for Fall.
 Booklets and Samples Free.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores:

New York: 306 Fifth Ave.
 Brooklyn: 157 Broadway.
 Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.
 Boston: 230-232 Boylston St.
 Philadelphia: 1510 Chestnut St.
 Chicago: 82 State St.

Agents in all Principal Cities.

FOR A CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL IT HAS NO EQUAL
COOK'S
Imported
CHAMPAGNE
 SERVED EVERYWHERE

Shine on!
 It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
 It will shine on it benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 256 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
 22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.
 BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Beekman Street. All kinds of Paper made to order.

CHICAGO AND WEST—LAKE SHORE LIMITED—The New York Central.



The Famous LEVER that Makes It Safe to HAMMER THE HAMMER

of an IVER JOHNSON REVOLVER. Safe because the hammer never touches the firing pin; the lever does the business; it is controlled by the trigger and cannot get between the firing pin and hammer unless the trigger pulls it there, and the revolver cannot be fired unless the lever is in that position. That is why you can handle an IVER JOHNSON REVOLVER carelessly; drop it, throw it; if you like, hammer the hammer; a discharge is impossible unless you pull the trigger.

IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

are not only absolutely safe, but accurate and thoroughly reliable, surpassed by none, yet they cost about one-half as much as other standard makes.

IVER JOHNSON factories are the largest of their kind.

IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS have the largest sale of any in the world—nearly equal to all other makes in America combined.

No one ever heard of an IVER JOHNSON being accidentally discharged; even our competitors admit this.

Learn more about them by sending a request for our bright little booklet, "Shots"—it will be sent you free, together with our handsome catalogue.

Iver Johnson Revolvers are for sale by all leading Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Hammer, \$5.00; Hammerless, \$6.00

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
FITCHBURG, MASS.

NEW YORK OFFICE:

90 Chambers Street



WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



KLONDYKE GOLD

is not more highly prized than Williams' Shaving Soap.

CAMP SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

I have used Williams' Shaving Soap with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure for years. Since coming to Alaska I have found it especially valuable, as it leaves the skin in the pink of condition to face the cutting winds of this climate. Were it impossible to secure Williams' Shaving Soap, I would go without shaving.

ARTHUR D. CURTIS.

Summer or winter, in every climate, Williams' Shaving Soap keeps the face in the "pink of condition." "The only soap fit for the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

ALL LOVERS OF

THE O'NEILL DRAWINGS

will wish to own

The Loves of Edwy

By ROSE CECIL O'NEILL.

Sixty-four illustrations by the author.

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Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston

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and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine par excellence. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.



EXPERT TESTIMONY.

THE MAID.—The mistress is not feeling very well this morning, Bridget. She wants only a demi-tasse.

BRIDGET.—A demi-tasse, is ut? Sure an' she 'd be stronger if she 'd take a bit out o' the demi-john wance in a while.

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's Angostura build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$250 a Month Selling

NOVELTY KNIVES with Roosevelt & Fairbanks and Parker & Davis Pictures; also your name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc. underneath handles. Style 118 (like cut) 3 1/2 in. long, 2 blades, finely tempered razor steel, \$1.00. Cut, shows many styles. Send 2c stamp for great special offer to Agents. Big profits—good commission paid. Exclusive territory.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio.



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

OUT NEXT WEEK!
Campaign Number Puck

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



To My Cigar
 "Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
 In learned doctors spite;
 Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
 And lap me in delight."

A pure rye,
 10 years old, aged
 by time,
 not artificially.

Trimble
 Whiskey
 Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
 WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
 Phila. & New York
 ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

IF THE Hon. Tim is ambitious still, politically, he might throw away his vests and seek fresh ascendancy through the medium of pants.

BALL-POINTED PENS

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
 Suitable for writing in every position;
 glide over any paper; never
 scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-
 POINTED Pens are more durable, and are
 ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.

H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William St., New York,
 AND ALL STATIONERS.



ORMISTON & GLASS
 LONDON

Milo The Egyptian
 Cigarette
 of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY—
 MILDNESS—PURITY

At your
 club or dealer's

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

IN WEST VIRGINIA, no man is accepted for the Democratic stump who is over 96.

TO EXTRACT teeth painlessly, we read, the use of the Blue Light is strongly recommended. There is a vast difference, in the dentist's chair, between a blue light and a blue streak.

Take Care of Your Aim, so that You Will Not Miss The Campaign Issue of Puck

Ready October 12, 1904

It is a Bulls-eye! Twenty Pages, Five in Color!

The Most Telling Caricatures of the Year — "The Candidates"
 By Ernest Haskell

The Winning Hand
 By Frank A. Nankivell

Ten Cents Everywhere


BE LAZY

—and take it easy, as you can do by wearing the "Lightweight" PRESIDENT SUSPENDER—two ounces.

Any store 50c and \$1.00 or postpaid for choicest patterns.
 THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 309, Shirley, Mass.

NATURAL WHISKEY

3500001
 ESTABLISHED 1810



**OLD
 OVERHOLT
 WHISKEY**

BOTTLED IN BOND
 AT THE DISTILLERY, BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

A Overholt & Co.

BOTTLED IN BOND
 WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
 EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE



HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

THE LAWYER.—You look like a clever boy.

THE MESSENGER BOY (*modestly*).—Well, Mister, I don't like
 ter shoot any hot air, but I'm considered de cleverest guy in de office.

THE LAWYER.—Indeed?

THE MESSENGER BOY.—Betcher life! I'm de only kid in de
 hull mob dat kin roll a cigarette wit' one hand!

RED TOP RYE

AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY

It's up to YOU.

BERNARD WEISTHEIMER & SONS
 CINCINNATI, O.
 107 N. 1ST ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

See our World's Fair Exhibit, Agricultural Bldg. Block-70

Now is the time when the turkey has presentiments.

WHICH pastime, we wonder, does the Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou fancy
 most? Trust busting or trust tapping?

BECAUSE they disapproved of white socks as a regular thing in raiment
 thirty of Dowie's disciples have hustled out of Zion. They have our unquali-
 fied support and sympathy if the white socks were to be worn with low shoes.

BOND & LILLARD WHISKEY IS THE BEST

A STRAW VOTE taken in the Hoffman House bar tabulated as follows: Mint Juleps, 4; Creme de Menthe, 2; Claret Punch, 3; Lemonade, 1.

SHREWD JUDGES say the "silent vote" will elect the next President. According to the last census the total number of deaf mutes in the United States was 40,592.

I. W. Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

For gentlemen who appreciate quality; for the weak who need to be strengthened; for the careful physician who requires purity; for everybody who knows a good thing. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

THE MINISTERS are back at the old stand and the devil is on the run.

THE HON. Elijah Dowie is planning an airship. It will be shaped like a chariot and hauled by ravens.

Evans' Ale

Different from all others because it is always good.

Any Dealer Anywhere.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



THE KNIGHT THAT FAILED.

[See Center Cartoon.]

HE WAS a very perfect knight and when taking up the fallen lance of the erstwhile King and palpitant with vows to see his dead leader's mission well fulfilled he set out to do battle with the Ogre of Oppression, the monster who held a certain fair lady in durance vile, the world held its breath to see what the outcome would be. Press Agents and War Correspondents sharpened their pens for the conflict, and for the homecoming the greatest artists of the age vied with each other in the designing of triumphal arches through which the champion of Fair Trade should pass in his entry into the Capitol. Speeches of welcome, addresses of gratulation, poems of panegyric, ecstasies of exaltation were fashioned by orators, statesmen, poets and dreamers so that the Conquering Hero returned from his valiant crusade should taste while yet living the joys of his well-earned immortality, and then—

The warrior returned, his weary steed, his head bowed low with shame, shambling beneath the weight of warrior, lance and—can it be true—and booty! The fair lady abandoned, the Ogre complacent and grinning over a bloodless victory, and the warrior himself—content with the record of his achievement!

What a spectacle! None such since

"The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill
And ne'er went up again!"

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

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OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Library No. 208

entitled

SIFTINGS

Brimful of fun from cover to cover
Over seventy illustrations by the best
COMIC ARTISTS

Price 10 cents per copy
All newsdealers, or by mail from the
publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

PUCKERINGS.

JUDGE PARKER took his regular morning plunge yesterday, and lowered the temperature of the river two degrees.

WHY DOES not some young man come to town and claim to be a Prince? We could not prove he was n't one.—*Atchison Globe*.

French, Italian and Russian papers please copy.

DISPATCHES have it that all the Russian war correspondents are returning home. Assuming that they were with Kuropatkin at the start, they have been "returning home," by easy stages, for some time.

AN ENGLISH physician declares that "to be forced to get up early grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions and disturbs all day the mental activities." What a wreck for the rest of the day must the early bird have been!

Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Continuation of the above.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A Story of Small Stories.

Five volumes in paper - \$2.50
Five volumes in cloth - 5.00
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HENRY B. HYDE
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VICE PRESIDENT

HARNESS THE POWER!

Why not utilize that part of your income now going to waste? By taking an Endowment policy in the Equitable you will protect your family and provide for your own mature years.

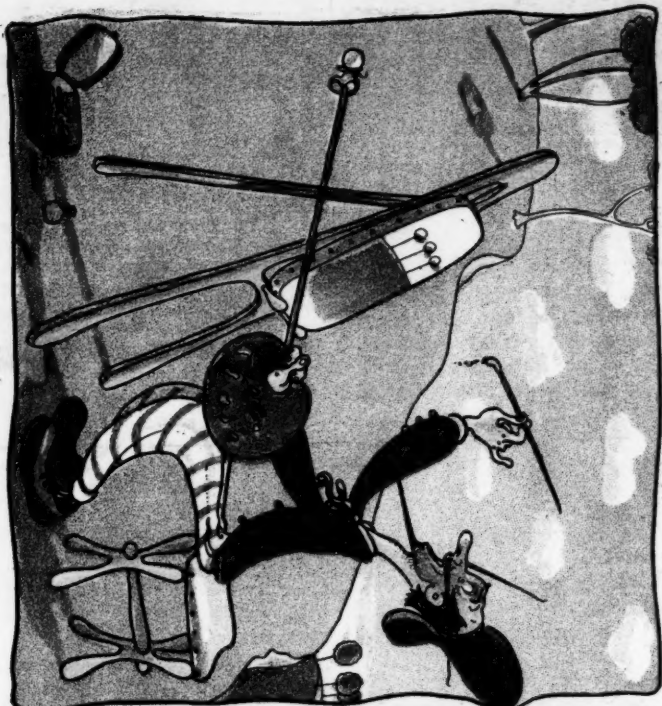
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120 Broadway, New York Dept. No. 26

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$.....if issued at ...years of age.

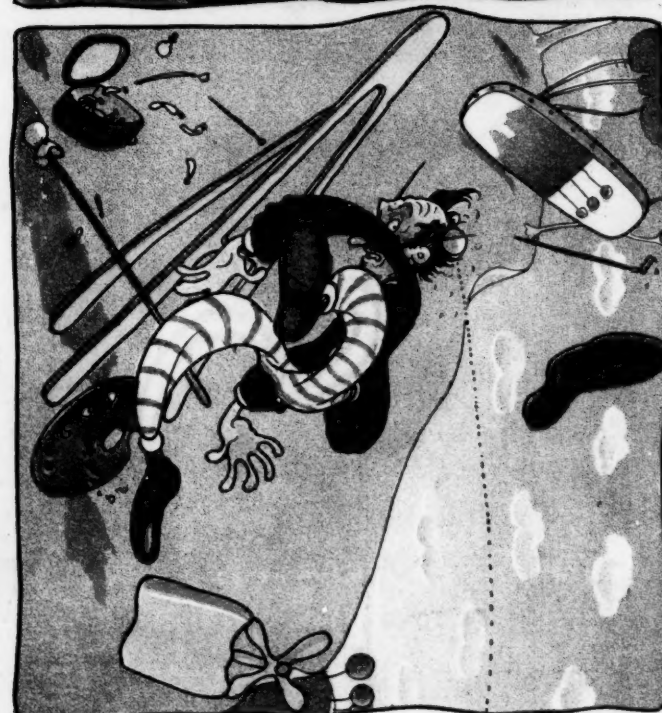
Name..... Address.....



I.
"Ah! Fine! Another touch like that and it's a thou-
sand dollar sketch, may be!"



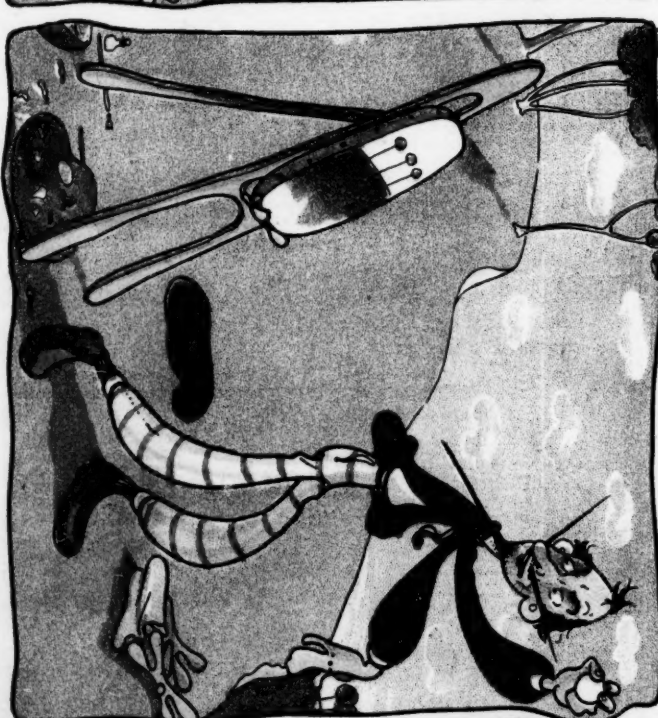
II.
The pretty girl drives a ball up over the hill.



III.
"Jumpin' Raphael! What's this about!?"



IV.
"Aha! I'll just throw this ball thro' the canvas:—re-
port damages to the bloated old golfer and collect!"



V.
"Ah! This is it! Complete ruin! Value—one thou-
sand dollars!!"



VI.
"Great Scott! My own wife!!!"